

THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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With the Permission of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

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Asst. Old Comrades Representative: Mr. G. J. Simpkin.

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MAJOR-GEN. V. A. S. WILLIAMS, C.M.G.
Honorary-Colonel, Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Date of Birth, June 2nd, 1867; attended Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario, from September, 1884, to July, 1886; Inspector Northwest Mounted Police, October 20th, 1886 to September, 28th, 1889; Provisional Lieutenant, R.C.D., September 28th, 1889; Lieutenant, R.C.D., June 10th, 1890; **South African War, 1899—1900, (1st Regt., C.M.R.)** Operations in the Orange Free State, February to May, 1900, including actions at Vet River (May 5th-6th,) and Zand River (May 10th.) Operations in the Transvaal in May and June, 1900, including actions near Johannesburg. (May 29th.) Pretoria, (June 4th,) and Diamond Hill (June 11th-12th) Operations in the Transvaal east of Pretoria July to November 29th, 1900, including actions at Reit Vlei (July 16th) Belfast (August 26th-27th, 1900). **Despatches, 2; Brevet of Major; Queen's Medal with five clasps** Brevet Captain, June 10th, 1893; Captain, R.C.D., June 1st, 1898; Brevet Major, May 17th, 1901; Major, R.C.D., July 1st, 1901; Brevet Lieut-Colonel June 21st, 1904; Chief Staff Officer, Eastern Ontario, May 1st, 1905, to March 31st, 1907; Lieut.-Colonel, R.C.D., April 1st 1907; Colonel, May 7th, 1911; Inspector of Cavalry, August 1st, 1907, to November 30th, 1912; Transferred to Permanent Staff, December 1st, 1912; Adjutant-General December 1st, 1912 to January 1st, 1919; Brig.-General, September 1st,

1915; **The Great War.** Camp Commandant, Valcartier, August 20th, 1914; Left Canada in charge 1st Canadian Contingent, October 3rd, 1914; Attached to H.Q. 1st Canadian Contingent, and will perform duties of General Camp Commandant, October 24th, 1914; T.O.S. 1st Canadian Division, France, and attached H.Q. 3rd Army, June 30th, 1915; To be Camp Commandant, H.Q. Canadian Army Corps, France, October 9th, 1915; General Officer Commanding, 8th Canadian Infantry Brigade, and Temp. Brigadier-General, December 23rd, 1915; Wounded and prisoner of war, June 3rd, 1916; Arrived in Switzerland for interment, December 27th, 1917; Repatriated, March 24th, 1918; Transferred to C.E.F. in Canada December 7th, 1918; **C.M.C., Despatches.** General Officer commanding, Military District, No. 3, Kingston, January 1st 1919; General Officer Commanding, Military District No. 2, Toronto, June 1st, 1920; Major-General October 1st, 1919; Retired to Pension, April 20th, 1923. **Qualifications:** 1st Class Short Course Grade "A" Cavalry, 1890; 1st Class Long Course Grade "A" Cavalry, 1890; Attended Short Course Cavalry Aldershot, England, 1892; Passed Tactical Fitness for Command, 1903; Passed Examination in Military Sanitation "Distinguished" 1908; Commissioner of Ontario Provincial Police, May 1st, 1922.

Editor's Notes.

The dawn of another year is upon and we start afresh with renewed zeal. Just what we have achieved during the past year seems somewhat vague as yet. As in previous years we have lost several good men to that tickle jade "civvie life." This is balanced, however, by the recruits taken on. There is the achievements of our International Team and the George III Cup, won by Major Timmis riding Bucephalus. The armies of the world are gradually becoming mechanized, notwithstanding Capt. Liddell Hart's critics. The cavalry in particular, has been much to the fore and we often wonder just where Cavalry does stand today.

We wish to extend to our readers our sincere hopes for their success, health and happiness during 1928.

OUR NEW HONORARY COLONEL

We are pleased to publish the following extract from the A.P. & R.C.M. dated 9-11-27:

"ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS
—To be Honorary Colonel: Major-General V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G., Res. Off. 10th September 1927."

In a previous issue of "The Goat" there appeared a letter from Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., O.C., R.C.D. requesting Major-General Williams to accept the appointment of Honorary Colonel of the regiment. It having become vacant through the death of the late Major-General F. L. Lesard, C.B. also. Major-General Williams' reply expressing his pleasure in accepting the offer.

Since his retirement he has been holding the difficult and responsible position of Commissioner of the Ontario Provincial Police and yet he has always taken a keen interest in our regiment. He is now our oldest surviving ex-commanding officer.

At a dinner held recently in Toronto in honour of General Sir William Otter, on the occasion of his eighty-fourth birthday, General Williams in speaking made reference to his recent appointment and stated that he was delighted to be back in harness again.

All past and present members of the regiment extend their congratulations to Major-General Williams upon this new appointment and trust that he may be spared to hold it for many years to come.

Personal & Regimental

(Stanley Barracks.)

Major F. Sawers, M.C., from St. Johns, spent Christmas in Toronto the guest of his Brother the Rev. Canon Sawers. During his stay he was a frequent visitor at barracks

and added a fatherly tone to the annual Christmas tree by his presence.

During the week prior to Christmas Maj. Gen. V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G. Honorary Colonel of the R.C.D., lunched informally in the Officer's Mess. On learning that he was coming we telephoned to a number of ex-officers and the following came to the mess to have lunch with him,—Major E. A. Hethrington, Maj. E. A. Steer, M.C., Capt. F. H. Wilkes, Major P. F. Arnoldi, F. A. Warren, Esq., Major Sawers was also present as well as all the officers of the Garrison.

Captain W. S. Fenton and Captain S. C. Bate spent Christmas at their home in Ottawa.

Captain W. J. Home, M.C., R.C.R., spent the Christmas holidays, the guest of his parents in Quebec and whilst there was a guest at the Fancy dress Ball given by the Lieutenant Governor of the Province.

Captain D. A. Grant, M.C., came up from the Royal Military College, Kingston, to spend the Christmas holidays at Stanley Barracks. He was present at our Christmas dinner. We offer our sincere sympathy to Captain Grant and his family in the death of his brother Captain Boyd Grant, which occurred in Quebec last month.

Our congratulations to Sergt. W. G. Tamlyn on his recent promotion to the rank of Acting Squadron Sergeant Major. Sergt. Tamlyn will eventually be transferred to St. Johns, P.Q. to replace S.S.M. Smith of "A" Squadron who has been posted to the Instructional Cadre. Though we will be very sorry to bid "Au revoir" to S.S.M. Tamlyn nevertheless our congratulations and best wishes for himself and family will go with him. During the Christmas season he was presented with a very handsome travelling bag by the members of his old troop. Sergt. Tamlyn has practically served constantly with "B" Squadron since joining the regiment in 1907.

Captain M. Drury spent the New Years holidays visiting Mrs. Drury in Sherbrooke, P.Q., and his mother Mrs. E. H. Drury in Montreal. He also spent a most enjoyable day visiting the Cavalry Barracks at St. Johns.

Our congratulations to Cpls Campbell and Martin on their promotion to rank of Corporal and to Trooper Martin on his appointment of Corporal Shoemsmith.

50 per cent of the members of the Garrison were permitted to go on six days pass over the Christmas season and the remainder were granted pass for New Years.

On Friday January 6th Captain S. C. Bate was the host of a most enjoyable dance which was held in the Officers Mess at Stanley Barracks. Upwards of 100 guests were present and were received by Mrs. D. B. Bowie accompanied by Captain Bate. A delicious supper was served in the billiard room and dancing continued until well into the following day.

We are pleased to report Mrs. D. B. Bowie is making a rapid recovery after her serious illness. She was able to be present at the Childrens Christmas tree and at Captain Bate's dance, but unfortunately was unable to attend the Christmas dinner in the mess.

Mr. Paul Savoy, of St. Johns, P.Q., is at present in Toronto on business. He has been a frequent visitor at the mess and also attended Captain Bate's dance.

Lieut. A. B. Sullivan, 16/5 Lancers attached R.M.C. Kingston, was a guest at the Christmas dinner at the Mess and also at Captain Bate's dance.

The season for Provincial Schools is now upon us. Major Baty and S.M.I. Dowdell and Q.M.S.I. Cox are conducting schools for the 2nd Dragoons at Hamilton, St. Catherines and Welland. On the 16th instant Capt. Bate and Q.M.S.I. Walshe will open a Provisional School in Ottawa for the P.L.D.G. On the same date Capt. J. Wood and S/Instr. King will proceed to London, Ont. to conduct a Provisional School for the 1st Hussars. A Provisional School of Proficiency in Riding is being held in the Riding School at Stanley Barracks three evening a week for personnel of the 2nd Bn. C.C.S. Lieut. Gillespie and S.M.I. Aisthorpe, D.C.M., M.M., are the Instructors. The Royal Schools are scheduled to commence on January 30th.

Lt. Col. and Mrs. W. H. Muirhead from Montreal, spent Christmas holidays in Toronto and were frequent visitors at the Barracks.

Christmas Dance

The first social event for the holiday season at Stanley Barracks was a dance held by the men in the gymnasium on Friday, December 16th. Unfortunately the weather was very severe, the night being cold and wet, but in spite of this a large crowd were on hand and thoroughly enjoyed the

evening which favourably compared with many of these pleasant dances held in the past.

Children's Christmas Tree

The Annual Christmas Tree for all the children of the personnel of Stanley Barracks was held in the gymnasium on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 21st. The children and their parents were requested to be present at 3.30 p.m. when they were entertained by afternoon tea and all the good things, such as ice cream, etc. which go with an afternoon tea at Christmas time. Santa Claus arrived about 4.30 and explained to the children that he had had a most difficult trip owing to the lack of snow and that he had been compelled to quit his sleigh and leave his reindeers on Strachan Avenue, walking into Barracks. He found awaiting him however the largest and most tastefully decorated tree that had ever been seen in the gymnasium and it was surrounded by an abundance of presents, favors and candies for each child which he proceeds to distribute, ably assisted by Mrs. Bowie and the wives of the other officers. Our thanks are especially due to Santa Claus for giving us so much of his valuable time; to Trooper Duff for his valuable and artistic work in decorating the tree and to all others who assisted in making the event a success, especially No. 2 Detachment R.C.A.S.C. who provided two tenders to bring the ladies and children from the corner of King St. and Strachan Avenue to Barracks and return.

Sergeants Mess Christmas Dinner

The dining members of the Station Sergeant's Mess held a Christmas Dinner on Thursday evening, December 22nd, the invited guests being R.S.M. G. D. Churchward, M.M., S.M.I. R. F. Bicknell, SSM. J. Copeland, D.C.M., and S.S.M. W. G. Tamlyn. Seventeen sat down to dinner the chair being occupied by C.S.M. A. S. Ward, The R.C.R. After full justice had been devoted to the dinner and the King's health had been drunk in due form, a series of short addresses were given by practically every member present. Later in the evening a delegation from the Sergeants' Mess attended a reception at Christie Street Hospital and visited the past and serving members of the Garrison who are patients there.

Christmas Day

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we experienced a green Christmas. The day was bright and almost warm. The usual Christmas dinners were held in the Men's Messes of "B" Squadron, R.C.D. and "B" Company, The Garrison. The time honored custom of the Sergeants waiting on the tables were carried out. Both Messes were visited by Major Bowie accompanied by Lt. Col. Muirhead, O.B.E. (late R.C.D.), Major Caldwell, Major Hemming, and other officers of the Garrison. The usual toasts were drunk and short informal speeches expressing Christmas greetings were made in each Mess.

Officers Christmas Dinner and Dance

A mixed dinner party was held in the Officers' Mess on Wednesday evening, December 28th. The table was most tastefully decorated; the lighting effects being entirely carried out by candlelights. The following sat down to dinner:—Major-General V.A.S. Williams, (Honorary Colonel Royal Canadian Dragoons) and Mrs. Williams; Major and Mrs. E. L. Caldwell; Major and Mrs. A. K. Hemming; Capt. and Mrs. T. A. James; Major and Mrs. W. Baty; Capt. and Mrs. Jas. Wood; Mrs. Sheets Miss

Wragg; Major D. B. Bowie; Lt.-Col. T. C. Evans; Capt. W. S. Fenton; Capt. M. Drury; Lt. A. B. Sullivan, 16/5 Lancers; Lieut. W. E. Gillespie and Lieut. C. C. Mann. The dinner was of a most informal nature and after the King's health had been drunk Major Bowie made a few brief remarks wishing all a Merry Christmas and expressing pleasure in welcoming General and Mrs. Williams at the first official function held in the Mess since the General's appointment as Honorary Colonel of the Regiment. General Williams made a brief reply. After dinner upwards of about fifty guests came in for an evening of dancing.

New Years Day

On New Year's Day the usual custom of the interchange of visits between the various military messes of the Toronto Garrison was carried out. Delegations from the Officers and Sergeant's Messes were sent downtown to convey our good wishes and respects at the various Armouries. The officers at Stanley Barracks received from 11 a.m. until 1.00 p.m. and many old comrades, friends and representatives from units from the Toronto Garrison dropped in. The Station Sergeant's Mess also received from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. Major-General V.A.S. Williams visited the Mess about eleven a.m., accompanied by Major D. B. Bowie and other officers of the R.C.D. and made a short address to a number of ex-members and present serving members of the Regiment. Major Bowie also made a few remarks. The following ex-members were present:—Mr. T. L. Seaton who came up from Port Hope especially for the day; Mr. T. Leblond; Mr. H. Fuller; Mr. H. Baldwin; Major N. Medhurst; Major H. J. Elton; Mr. G. Simpkin; Major E. A. Steer, M.C. "Pete" Merrix; Mr. G. W. Dore and Lt.-Col. W. Rhoades, D.S.O.

The Mess was visited later in the day by the D.O.C., M.D. No. 2 and staff, as well as representatives from the various militia units.

Ex-Sgt. Chulow stationed at Camp Borden also paid a visit to the Mess.

(St. Johns.)

We welcome our old friend "Pie-Near" Hebert to the fold after his extended leave. He gives as his reason for his hurried departure, that "Pop" Bentley had invited him to a challenge swim in the horse-rough the weather being at zero.

The Asst. Editor, is apparently enjoying his enforced stay in hospital. 'Tis whispered around the Men's Mess that breakfast will in future be served in bed and that cafeteria will be the order of the day.

The Editor regrets that he was un-

able to receive personally the representatives of the "Potters Ball" who called upon him during Xmas festivities. However, from his bunk-hole (the bath) he thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment.

The editor is in receipt of a letter from our Hon. Col., General V. A. S. Williams, C.M.G., in which he promises to pay us a visit in the near future in company with the O.C.

We were very pleased to see our friend Freddy Powell of "Soldiering" fame during the holidays. He strolled into the canteen one night with S. M. Brown. He also paid a visit to the hospital to see our asst. editor who is suffering from some mysterious complaint, which is supposed to be the mumps. We expect big things from Freddy now that he has relieved himself somewhat in the current installment of "Soldiering."

Attaboy-Freddy, "be yourself."

We offer our sympathy to S.Q.M.S. Snape who with his family are in quarantine on account of diphtheria. Dorothy was first to become ill and lately the two boys, Albert and Percy have contracted the same disease. We wish them a speedy recovery and hope to see them out again soon.

During the holiday season all ranks of 'A' Squadron enjoyed themselves immensely. To start off with there was the "Potters Ball" which was a great success, due mainly to the efforts of Tpr Rowe. L/Cpl. Cullinan won first prize for his disguise in the character of a "Count." "Hank" McGorman, as "Sambo" took second. We doubt if even our friend Harry Gravel could have produced a more ludicrous effect in this disguise. The various messes were visited and a hearty welcome extended especially at the officers' mess.

The dinner was held in the gymnasium which was tastefully decorated. The arrival of the officers was the signal for our photographer, the accompanying picture being the result. After the usual toasts and various speeches of a sentimental nature the officers were heartily cheered. The traditional custom of the sergeants waiting on the men was observed and with splendid efficiency, especially on the part of Sgt. Neaves.

After dinner several efforts were made to hold a concert, (the efforts of S.S.M. I. Smith were particularly notable) but as most of us had reached that peaceful stage void of feeling (ask Desnoyers!) we didn't care what happened to us.

Several smokers were held during Christmas week and as they were held in the Canteen they proved very successful, and by the time New Years Day arrived many were wishing it was all over and back to normal again.

All ranks respectfully thank the C.O. for his splendid cooperation in our various celebrations. The Can-

teen Committee in providing the extra grants for the festive season also went the "limit."

The kitchen staff at this time of the year have a great deal of extra labour. The dinners at Xmas and New Year's were 'fit for a king' and we wish to state that in every way the Mess Committee had the full co-operation of the Kitchen Staff.

There was an abundance of everything and justice was done in true soldierly fashion.

Our friend, Cpl. Desnoyers is in hospital with a dislocated shoulder. "Heavy" was doing his stuff on the rink when he landed on his shoulder. He says he is anxious to get back to duty again, but there are others who think otherwise. He will probably emerge from hibernation when the weather warms up again and the cricket season starts.

Pte. Lecker, the hospital orderly, is very anxious to start a debating society. We understand the first subject for discussion is "Resolved that Army Life is Superior to Civilian Life." (S.S.M. I. Smith, S.M.I. Hopkinson and Pte. Chesley are slated to prove the truth of the above; Sgt. Langley, S.S. Cpl. Wheeler and Tpr Story are for the negative. It ought to be good, eh what?

The First Troop and Sergeant's Rooms are finished. Instead of the coarse brick walls with a thin layer of plaster we now have beautifully finished walls of white. The old splintered floors have been renewed with a floor of oiled hardwood. All this gives our rooms a decidedly home like appearance. A wonderful improvement has been made in the ablution arrangements, there being six individual showers and a model bathroom. There is also a dressing room. As a cynic was heard to remark the other night in the canteen; "we are now nearly as well looked after as the horses."

"Paddy" Kincaid, who was in an automobile accident some months ago resulting in a broken leg above the knee, has had his plaster cast removed and is moving around without the aid of crutches. He was present at our Xmas dinner and is to be congratulated on the successful outcome of his operation.

Owing to the caprices of the weather man this winter we have had practically no skating so far. As soon as we had a nice sheet of ice, up went the thermometer and our hockey scheduled would be shot to pieces.

So far as we can judge (from the hospital window) there should be an interesting struggle for the hockey cup. The First Troop have a stronger team this year; the Third Troop a weaker one than last year, while

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the R.C.R. and Second Troop are about the same. Notwithstanding the present weather, we hope to see some good games shortly.

We welcome to our ranks Tpr. Geo. Washington (not the man who cut down the cherry tree) who has forsaken the gravel crushers to become a hard riding cavalryman.

Lieut. Col. C. P. Vanier, D.S.O., has been selected to represent Canada on the permanent advisory committee of the League of Nations Society.

The committee is composed of Military, naval and aviation representatives of all the great nations such as France, England and Japan.

Col. Vanier leaves for Geneva in a few weeks where he will reside with his family.

Lieut.-Col. J. P. U. Archambault will take over the command of the 22nd Regiment at Quebec.

Col. Vanier has always taken a keen interest in our regiment and is a subscriber to our regimental paper.

CAVALRY BARRACKS DANCE CLUB

A very enjoyable Xmas Carnival in the form of a masquerade was held on Dec. 16th in the Gymnasium. Nearly the whole of the personnel of the barracks attended, as well as many of our friends from town.

The evening was officially opened at 10 p.m. when King Carnival made his ceremonial entry, followed by his Court, and took his seat on the Throne at the front of the stage. Our C.O., Capt. Berteau, then arrived and paid him homage, delivering to his majesty the "key of the evening." This was graciously accepted and his majesty informed the C.O. that he intended to admit him to the 'Most Ancient and Liquid Order of the Opened Bottle,' and presented him with the Insignia, an opened bottle of beer. The C.O. expressed his thanks for this somewhat doubtful compliment and in turn presented his majesty with a token of his own regard namely; two stripes, surmounted by a horseshoe. The Lord High Chamberlain then announced that as this king had that evening spent much time in the chapter of the order above mentioned and was quite overwhelmed by the C.O.'s graciousness he took it upon himself, on his majesty's behalf, to bestow on him the Rank and Dignity of a Knight Commander of the Most Cherished Order of the Canteen and placed the Insignia (Tin Cross on Collar Ribbon of cloth of gold) round his neck. At this the C.O. appeared quite overcome and with his faithful attendant, beat a hasty retreat.

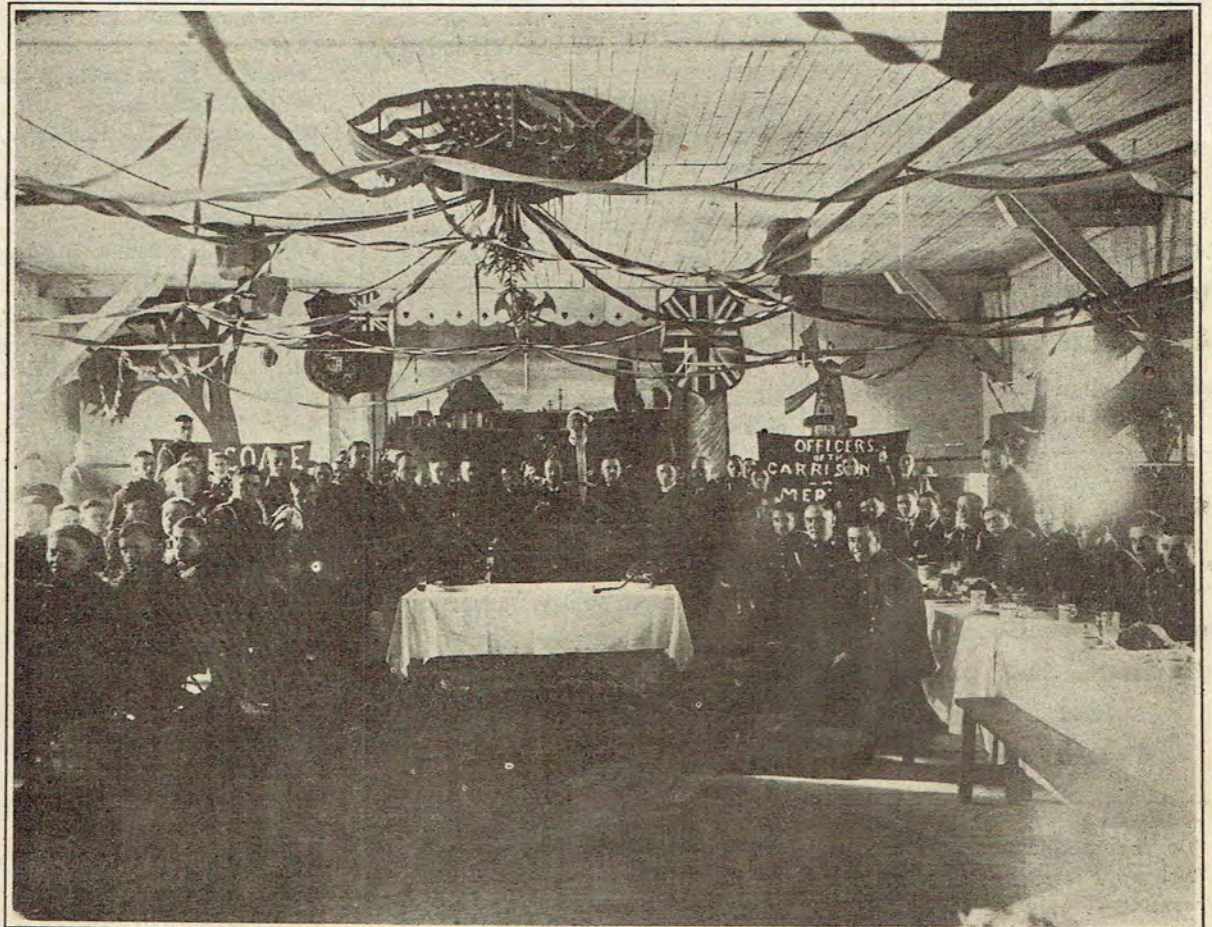
Dancing continued until 2.15 a.m. when God Save the King put an end to a very enjoyable evening.



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OFFICERS' MESS NOTES

The Officers of the station decided to hold their Xmas Dinner on the night of the 29th Dec. in order that the married officers and wives could be present. About 22 attended dinner which was greatly enjoyed by all. After dinner the usual dance was held in the Mess Room, music being supplied by Boivert's Orchestra, St. Johns. Additional guests attended the dance which continued into the wee hours of the morning.

The youngest members of the mess seems to have taken a turn for the worst. It would appear that his energetic spirit cannot be quelled and to the consternation of his elders he has become deeply immersed in the "military BIBLE," and has taken to soothing the noble brow by the use of wet towels.

The "Three Musketeers" of the mess visited Montreal and the vicinity on New Years Day. Taxis at \$25 a day were as scarce as hen's teeth. The name of the musketeer who on return refused to be driven any further than Victoria Bridge and decided to walk to St. Johns is required, please. Temperature 10 degrees below.

Information is requested as to why our long faced chums should be allowed rest over the festive season? Why couldn't they be usefully employed and properly exercised in the noble game of "ski-Joring."

The personnel of the Barracks in St. Johns were delighted that Capt. Drury found time to drop in and visit old friends. "The Boy" had so many visits to pay during his short stay that he was in danger of losing his train.

It is understood that the Major missed the "boat-train" to St. Johns on his departure for England on leave. Somebody present intimated that there will be a complete reorganization of the railroad system upon his return.

Capt. and Mrs. Rhodes, Fort Ethan Allen, were the guests of Capt. Nicholl's over the New Year. "Dusty" and Mrs. Rhodes have endeared themselves to all and we look forward to seeing more of them in the future.

The Cav. Barracks Dance Club will hold a dance on Friday, January 27th.

Trp. Fissiault has returned to the Station Hospital from The Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, where he underwent an operation. We wish him a speedy recovering.

"Waiter I've found a hair in my soup."
"Quite natural, sir; it's rabbit soup."

The following Christmas Cards, etc. were received by the Headquarters of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

The Private Secretary, Buckingham Palace, by command of His Majesty the King. (Acknowledgement.)

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (Card)

The Equerry in Waiting, 145 Piccadilly, by command of His Royal Highness the Duke of York (Acknowledgement)

Their Excellencies the Governor-General of Canada and Lady Willingdon.

The Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Ontario.

The Prime Minister of Canada.

General Sir George Milne, Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Deputy Minister of National Defence.

Major-General H. C. Thacker, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief of the General Staff.

Major-General H. A. Panet, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Adjutant-General.

Major-General E. C. Ashton, C.M.G., Quartermaster-General.

Colonel C. H. Hill, N.D. H.Q.

Director of Equipment and Ordnance Service, N.D.H.Q.

The Directorate of Military Operations and Intelligence.

The Director of Records.

Colonel R. J. Order, Judge Advocate General.

Colonel Commandant A. E. Harman, C.B., D.S.O., late commander 3rd Cav. Div. now Cmdt. Equitation School Weedon.

General and Mrs. Seeley.

Sir Archibald and Lady Macdonell General Sir William Otter.

Brig-Gen. C. J. Armstrong.

Sir William Mulock.

Lt-Colonel A. W. Jamieson.

Colonel A. C. Caldwell, R.C.E.

Colonel R. Brooke.

1st Lieut. D. M. Robinette, U.S. Cavalry.

S. J. Dickson, Chief Constable, Toronto.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Cable gram from same.)

Colonel E. C. Dean,

J. E. McLurg, Esq. Sydney, N.S.

Harry Worcester Smith, Esq. Grafton, Mass. (Telegram)

Major E. O. Skaife, O.B.E., M.C. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Major and Mrs. H. Stethem, R.M.C., Kingston.

George W. Beardmore, Esq., M.F.H.

Capt. George Guimond, Royal 22nd Regt.

Capt. N. M. Halkett, R.C.A.M.C.

Flight Lieut. G. McKeown, R.C.A.F.

Capt. J. E. H. Tidswell, R.C.A.S.C. Buller Barracks, Aldershot, Eng.

Lieut. N. G. Duckett, M.O., R.A.S.C.

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Capt. J. A. Linton, M.C., R.C.A.M.C.

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The Royal Horse Guards, Regents Park Barracks, London.

The Kings Dragoon Guards, Aldershot.

The Queen's Bays.

3rd/6 Dragoon Guards, Tidworth.

The 1st Royal Dragoons, Abbassia, Egypt.

The Royal Scots Greys, Hounslow.

8th Kings Royal Irish Hussars.

10th Royal Hussars.

15th/19th Hussars.

17th/21st Lancers.

14th/20th Hussars.

The Royal Deccan Horse.

Canadian Units and Formations

The D.O.C. and Staff Officers, M.D. No. 11.

The D.O.C. and Officers, M.D. No. 2.

The D.O.C. and Officers, M.D. No. 3.

The D.O.C. and Staff, M.D. No. 4.

The D.O.C. and Staff Officers, M.D. No. 5.

The Colonel Commandant and Staff Officers, M.D. No. 7.

The D.O.C. and Staff Officers, M.D. No. 10.

The D.O.C. and Staff Officers, M.D. No. 12.

The Commandant, Staff and Gentlemen Cadets, R.M.C., Kingston.

The Royal Canadian Horse Art. Kingston.

The Royal Canadian Horse Art. Winnipeg.

Warrant Officers and Staff Sergeants, R.C.A.

The O.C. and Officers, "A" Sqdn, R.C.D., St. Johns, P.Q.

Sergeants Mess, St. Johns, P.Q.

Sergeants Mess, Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

Lord Strathcona's Horse (R.C.)

The R.C.A. and R.C.E. Mess, Halifax.

Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

"B" Company, P.P.C.L.I.

Royal Canadian Regiment.

Royal 22nd Regiment.

Royal Canadian Corps of Signals.

No. 1, Depot, R.C.A.S.C.

No. 7, Detachment, R.C.O.C.

The Officer Administering and Officers, R.C.A.V.C.

The Officer Administering and Officers, R.C.A.P.C.

Royal Canadian Air Force, Camp Borden.

H.Q., M.D. 2. Sergeant Mess.

The Governor-General's Body Guard

The 1st Hussars.

2nd Dragoons.

The Fort Garry Horse.
New Brunswick Dragoons.
Mississauga Horse.
10th Brant Dragoon.
14th Canadian Light Horse.
15th Canadian Light Horse.
16th Canadian Light Horse.
17th Duke of Yorks Royal Canadian Hussars.
1st Saskatchewan Mounted Rifles.
"B" Squadron, 5th British Columbia Light Horse.
3rd Canadian Siege Battery.
3rd Field Brigade, Canadian Artillery.
1st Saskatchewan Mounted Rifles.
"B" Squadron, 5th British Columbia Light Horse.
3rd Canadian Siege Battery.
3rd Field Brigade, Canadian Artillery.
The Irish Fusiliers of Canada.
Peel and Dufferin Regiment.
Haldimand Rifles.
Peel and Dufferin Regiment.
The Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada (Princess Louise).
The Queens Rangers.
Queens Own Rifles of Canada.
The Canadian Fusiliers.
The Edmonton Regiment.
Dufferin Rifles of Canada.
The Victoria-Hamilton Regiment.
The Oxford Rifles.
The Royal Grenadiers.
The Toronto Regiment.
The Irish Regiment of Toronto.
The Wentworth Regiment.
The Toronto Scottish Regiment.
The 48th Highlanders of Canada.
The Winnipeg Rifles (8th Bn, C.E.F.).
The Grey Regiment.
Canadian Machine Gun Corps, Toronto.
2nd Bn., Canadian Corps of Signals

11th Divisional Train, C.A.S.C., Vancouver.
Canadian Army Medical Corps, Toronto.
The Commissioner and Officers, Royal Canadian Mounted Police.
The Royal Canadian Mounted Police Depot, Regiment.
Toronto Company, Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve.
Major-General V. A. S. Williams.
Major-General J. H. MacBrien.
Lieut-General Sir Richard Turner, V.C.
Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. H. M. Codville, Egmont, B.C.
The Rev. J. A. Fort'er Lowell, Mass.
F. Hilton Wilkes, Esq.
F. A. Warren, Esq.
Capt. and Mrs. Burton E. Purdy, 11 College street, Halifax.
H. D. Warren, Esq.
Major and Mrs. Errol, A. Hethrington.
Major Roy Nordheimer, M.C., Chicago, (Telegram).
Mr. and Mrs. Allan Case.
Colonel de M. Taschereau, Quebec.
Colonel and Mrs. A. H. H. Powell, Halifax.
Major and Mrs. E. A. Steer.
W. Jeffrey Williams, Esq.
Mr. and Mrs. George Morris.
Lt.-Colonel L. P. Sherwood, Ottawa.
Charles A. Rheault, Esq., Boston, Mass.
L. J. Smuck, Esq., 388 W. 41st St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Lt.-Col. F. Gilman, Victoria, B.C.
Lt.-Col. Hall and Miss Hall.
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Bytown Bits.

NEW YEARS DAY:—The advent of 1928 was warmly celebrated by the units of the Ottawa Garrison. On the morning of the 2nd, His Excellency the Governor General held a levee at the Senate Chamber and the officers of the Garrison gathered there to pay their respects. Once their presentations were finished they made post haste to their respective messes where they received guests for two or three hours. The various headquarters were well patronized during the noon hour until about three o'clock when the Officers of the Regiment de Hull opened their spacious quarters to their friends and all trooped to the sister Province. Many a speech was spoken by the brass hats and lusty choruses were the order of the afternoon. Altogether it was a most successful day.

PARLIAMENT OPENS:—Orders have been issued by Headquarters Department of National Defence in connection with the opening of Parliament on the 26th instant. The

P.L.D.G. will supply an escort under Lieuts. E. A. M. Jarvis and C. S. Macpherson and the G.G.F.G. supply the Guard of Honor. Both units will be in full pre-war review order. The 1st Brigade C.F.A. will furnish a saluting battery which will parade in khaki. The G.G.F.G. band will also be on duty at the State Dinner at Government House on the same evening. On the evening of the 27th the Drawing Room will be held at which some 70 officers have been detailed for duty. The G.G.F.G. also supply the Guard of Honor and band for this event.

GARRISON BALL:—The annual ball of the Officers of His Majesty's Force in Ottawa and Hull will be held at the Chateau Laurier about the middle of February. It is expected that His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Willingdon will be present.

CAVALRY SCHOOL:—A provisional school of cavalry will open on the 16th instant in connection with the P.L.D.G. About 20 candidates are slated for the course which will be under direction of an Officer from the R.C.D. assisted by Q.M.S.I. P. Walshe, R.C.D.

STAFF COURSE:—The Militia Staff Course continued on the evening of the 9th, following the Christ-

mas vacation. The class is under direction of Brig-Gen. F. W. Hill, C.M.G., D.S.O., G.S.O., M.D. 3.

COMMAND CHANGES:—Lieut. Col. Walter Gillis has relinquished command of the 3rd Div. Train C.A.S.C. on completion of his tenure of command and has been succeeded by Lieut Col. W. C. Mariott.

TINY RETURNS:—Looking hale and hearty after Christmas in the Old Country, Lieut. Col. W. K. Walker, D.S.O., Commandant C.S.A.S., returned to Headquarters the middle of January.

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SIR E. H. ALDERSON DIES IN ENGLAND

Lieut.-General Sir Edwin Herve Alderson, K.C.B., commander of the First Canadian Division in the war, and subsequently the Canadian Army Corps, died at Lowestoft, England on Dec. 14th, in his 69th year.

Sir Edwin Alderson had a distinguished career. He was the eldest son, and was born April 8, 1859. He entered the Royal West Kent Regiment in 1878, and gained promotion from Captain in 1886 to Lieutenant-General in 1914. Throughout his long military career he served faithfully and well, and in the course of his life he received numerous official recognitions of his service.

He was Brigadier-General commanding the 22nd Infantry Brigade. Aldershot, 1903-7; commanded the 6th (Poona) Division in the army in India, 1908-12; served in the first Boer War, 1881; Egyptian War, 1882; Nile Expedition with camel regiment 1884-85.



Sir Edwin commanded the mounted infantry in South Africa, 1900-1; was Inspector-General in South Africa, 1900-2, and was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. He was mentioned in despatches three times in the South African war, received two medals with seven clasps and was appointed A.D.C. to the King.

Sir Edwin Aldershot's first connection with the Canadian troops occurred during the South African war when he commanded a mounted infantry brigade which included the Royal Canadian Dragoons and the Second Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles.

In the Great War when the first Canadian contingent was formed, the choice of a commander was left to the British War Office, which selected General Alderson because of his previous connection with the Canadian troops. He took command at Salisbury Plains in October, 1914, and led the first Canadian division to France in February, 1915. From that time until May 1916 he was in command of the Canadians in France. He

was the Canadian commander when the first German attack took place at Ypres in April, 1915, and during the battles of Festubert in May and Givenchy in June.

When the Canadian Corps was formed in September, 1915, General Alderson was given the new command, which he vacated to become Inspector-General of Canadian forces in England. He vacated the latter command on the reorganization in November, 1916.

The following tribute to General Alderson was issued by the Department of National Defence:

"The passing of General Sir Edwin Alderson will recall to 50,000 Canadians the soldierly figure of a gallant British officer who was their commander at Salisbury Plain, at Ypres, at Festubert and at Givenchy; and who later for nine months commanded the Canadian Corps in France.

"His personal friends in the Canadian forces will learn of his death with deep regret."

In connection with his command of the Canadian Army Corps he was mentioned in despatches, and was created a Knight Commander of the Bath and Commander of the Legion of Honor. He was A.D.C. to Queen Victoria and from 1900 to 1906 was A.D.C. to King Edward VII.

He was author of a number of books of a military nature, including:—"With the Mounted Infantry and Mashonaland Field Force." "Pink and Scarlet, or Hunting as a School for Soldiering" and "Lessons from Notes Made in Peace and War."

Sir Edwin married Alice Mary, second daughter of the late Oswald P. Sergeant, vicar of Chesterton, Oxford.

Sir Edwin always took a personal interest in the Canadian Cavalry Brigade and especially in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, due no doubt to his previous associations with them in South Africa. When the Royal Canadian Dragoons arrived in Plymouth in 1914 Sir Edwin was one of the first visitors who boarded the *Laurentic* to extend his personal welcome to the Regiment.

On January 25th 1916 when the Canadian Cavalry Brigade left the Canadian Corps to regain their horses and join the British Cavalry Corps, Sir Edwin issued the following special order of the day:—"On the departure—which is so much regretted by all ranks of the Canadian Corps—of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade, in which is included the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery and Field Troop, the Corps Commander wishes to place on record his very high appreciation of their work and conduct, in all respects, during the period 7th May 1915 to 26th January 1916, that they have been the Corps."

"As the whole Corps knows, the Canadian Cavalry Brigade (Royal Canadian Dragoons, Lord Strathco-

na's Horse (Royal Canadians) and 2nd Regiment, King Edward's Horse) gallantly and most public spiritedly volunteered to come to France and mounted when the 1st Canadian Division suffered such heavy losses at Ypres in April last.

Since that time they have most bravely and efficiently fought and worked side by side with the Infantry of this Corps.

The Corps Commander knows that he is voicing the feelings, not only of himself, but also of the whole Corps (and especially those of the 1st Division, with whom the Canadian Cavalry Brigade have been so much associated,) when he says that the regret at the departure of the Brigade commanded by Brig-General the Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely, C.B., D.S.O., is very deep and sincere.

Further, the Corps Commander knows that all ranks of the Corps hope that, in due course, the Canadian Cavalry Brigade may return to again fight side by side with the Corps."

A cable expressing sympathy from all ranks of the Royal Canadian Dragoons was sent to Lady Alderson, to which the following reply has been received by the O.C., R.C.D.,—

Hotel Washington,
Curzon Street,
December 28th.

Lady Alderson writes to express to all ranks of the Royal Canadian Dragoons her most grateful thanks for the cable containing their message of sympathy and regret, at the death of her beloved husband General Sir Edwin Alderson. She would like them to know that his love and remembrance of those splendid troops he was so proud to command—was always present with him—and nothing pleased him more than to be greeted by one or another whenever they found him or saw him wherever he was. And my cheer to be will always be those whose loyal and faithful love of him made him always happy. That two Canadian officers were among those who walked beside him as he was laid to rest would have greatly pleased him and will be a lasting treasure to me with all the messages of sympathy.

"Pitty, sir! I haven't eaten for eight days."

"Eight days! Really! Well, well! And how much longer do you think you will hold out?"

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Old Comrades Notes.

It is said "there is nothing new under the sun," "History repeats itself," etc. Well, "THE GOAT" proves the truth of these old wise cracks.

During the Boer War I became separated from my troop (went on the wrong side of a Kopje) and at night the regiment was lost: I wasn't I was right there.

Just as the black African nigh settled I struck a Kaffir Kraal and decided my horse (an Argentine) was too tired to go any further. I traded some Canadian plug tobacco for a few meals for the horse and supper for myself. As I was hungry enough to eat a horse I lost no time in getting inside to keep an eye on the pot on the fire. After a gourd full of Kaffir beer we mucked in—mealie—and a stew. We had been on hard tack and bully beef (and a little of it) for some time and I went a bit heavy on the stew for believe me it was GOOD. After a feed that left me so gentle that a sixteen year old girl could play with me, I fired up the old pipe and then began wondering what it was I had eaten.

The Kaffir's knowledge of English being about equal to my Kaffir, I had to depend on signs. As I wanted to find out what kind of meat the stew was made of I went through the motions of various animals and birds, i.e. cheteah buck, veal, beet, mutton, duck, goose and everything else that I could think of but either the Kaffir (whose face showed about as much intelligence as a platter of mush) did not understand or I hadn't suggested the right kind of meat. Finally, with a grin like the crack in a ninety cent watermelon he leaned over and patted me on the knee, saying "M E E E E E O W"

I didn't stay for breakfast.

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A General meeting of the R.C.D. Old Comrades Association will be held at the University Avenue Armouries, Toronto, Lecture Room "A" on Saturday evening the 28th January 1928, commencing at 8.00 p.m.—All members are requested to attend, if possible. Membership cards for 1928 will be available at this meeting.

THE LATE ex-SERGEANT WILLIAM McMURTRY, R.C.D.

We have learned with great regret through a press despatch, of the death of No. 550052 ex-Sergeant William McMurtry, which took place at his home in Liverpool, England, on December 13th, 1927.

Sergeant McMurtry came to Canada early in 1914 and joined the C.P.R. Police Force. Shortly after the out-

break of war he joined the Depot Squadron at Stanley Barracks, Toronto. He proceeded overseas on the 20th November 1915 and on arriving in France was posted to "C" Squadron, and later, on promotion to the rank of Sergeant, was transferred to "B" Squadron. McMurtry took his discharge in England. He is survived by his wife, a former nurse, whom he met in France, and a three year old son. He was a native of Barrow-in-Furness, England.

SANTA CLAUS COMES TO CAVALRY BARRACKS

To the jingle of sleigh bells and the sound of trumpets jolly old St. Nick was received by a throng of delighted youngsters and much merriment by the grown-ups on the afternoon of December 22nd. The guard at the gate was ordered to turn-out and as Santa alighted from his sleigh they presented arms to him, and all were complimented for their fine appearance (with the exception of Charlie Ward whom he checked for not shaving). Radiating good cheer of the genuine variety he was escorted to the officers' mess where eager and trusting little ones were gathered around the tree.

A little speech, in which he told them how glad he was to be with them—the distribution of gifts—then a hurried farewell and blessing and Santa concluded his yearly visit to the children of St. Johns.

To those of us who were present it was a delight to see all those happily little faces; the grown-ups as well as the children were carried away on the wings of that mysterious magic we call "The Spirit of Christmas."

And did you see those canteen waiters waiting out in the cold for Charlie (I mean Santa to arrive?)

Most certainly we believe there IS a Santa Claus.

The success of this event is due to the efforts of Mrs. Balders and ladies whom we wish to thank.

SGT. LAPITUP TELLS ALL ABOUT IT

Dear Jim:—

I received your letter, O.K. Thanks for your good wishes, old man. You know I ain't much of a hand at letter-writing but I'll do my best to tell you what happened down here at St. Johns on New Year's Day. All I hope is that yours was as good as mine. You're right. Right first shot. I was drunk! You know how it is. You know me. Always willing to oblige. Always weak when people just keep shoving things my way. You know how it is. Us soldiers are expected to come up to the scratch. We don't exactly want it. A chap just has to make himself sociable-like. We put on some spread on New Year's day, believe me. Lots to drink as

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soon as ever we found that some of the sergeants couldn't come because it was Sunday. They've got very religious all of a sudden. Funny, ain't it? A lot of 'em wanted to have the reception on the Monday but we voted against it. Me for accuracy every time. If New Year's Day comes on a Sunday then we'll celebrate on a Sunday. That's me all over. No beating about the bush. We didn't have any music because Nobby never showed up. Nobody seemed to be dying to sing, anyway. Lots of often they get pickled if they ain't got sitters came down. You bet your life he did. Try to keep Powell away from free drinks! You know what I mean. Some people don't care how often they get pickled if they ain't got to pay for it. Still, it was New Year's day and I didn't say nothing though I sure did think a lot. Matter of fact we made him very welcome. For all that, there was no reason for him to lap all the whiskey. We poor blighters didn't get much more than a smell. It was kept for the officers and their friends. God knows how Powell got in on it. No good offering him beer once he'd tasted the other stuff.

We kept to the beer till the officers came in. After they'd filled up and gone away again after the proper exchange of the necessary compliments, other things came our way. About time, too. We got punch and

Sherry and a few managed to get a snort of Scotch. Too bad you couldn't come. All free, don't forget! When we do anything we do it right, take it from me. The officers were feeling quite happy when they came in. They were happier when they went away again and so were we. You know what I mean, don't you? We went through the usual stuff. We'd say nice things to them about them and they'd come right back with bouquets for us. We all loved each other. Loved 'em all except one and that was Pte. Gough who was the only bird to oblige the company with a song. Not that the kid hasn't got a good voice, its the song he sung. What in hell does he want to try and make us cry for? He sang some slusky? muck about mother and angels and all the rest of it. Made me miserable for a while. I must be fair to the kid and say he did seem a bit ashamed of it. He didn't seem to want to see us. Kept his eyes shut tight right through. Course we clapped him. New Year's Day, you know. Oh yes, before I forget. One of the visitors was a doctor. A French man. Hell-of-a-good fellow. Made the right sort of a speech. Short and snappy. Finished by saying, "Be British." You can just bet your sweet life we meant every word of it when we sang "For he's a jolly good fellow." We had a new chairman this year. You remember

Brown don't you. Promoted. W.O.I. (Some class, eh what? Charlie didn't seem to be as frisky as usual. Not for the world would I say for sure, but, you know what I think, don't you? Well, I still think the same. No names no pack drill. That's me. Bill Campbell was there with bells on. Good old Bill. Don't change a bit. Once the officers had gone the company got noisier and Bill just insisted on singing. He liked it and so did we. Hoppy didn't seem to have much to say. Do you know what I think? Tell you when I see you. He didn't stop long. Most of 'em slid away in single file until there was only the faithful left. Powell was anchored until the hard stuff run out and then beat it for more some place else.

I am glad to say it was a fine reception we gave this year and I'm sorry you weren't with us. Most of us got pickled but that's nothing unusual. We were glad to entertain our visitors and they were just as glad to come and get all that was going. (Not that I begrudge it a bit, mind you, but still, just the same, whiskey don't exactly run along the gutters. You know what I mean, don't you, Jim? That's about all. The old woman cut up a bit rough when I got home but that don't fizz much on me these days. So long Jim. Give my love to the miss's. Come down as soon as you can. Chin-chin.

Your old Pal,

Bill.

"Chicago Bound from Louisville."

Reported by Rounds

Round 1.—The failure to reserve berth. The fatal consequences—lower 16. The owl eyed berth specialist. The personal question. No, his name is not George. It's Asa. The sparkling rejoinder—Bet your last name is Spades. The vengeful look. The emerald aisle. The funereal aspect of rows of feetless shoes.

Round 2.—The great disrobing act. The contortions. The impact with upper 16. The dazzling aura of assorted constellations. The colorful invectives. The heels and neck balancing trick. The ye starting strain. The departing button. The decision to sleep en chemise. Tween sheets at last. The recollection of the un-wound watch. The reference to the Deity.

Round 3.—The under-nourished pillows. The foreshadowed blankets. The stretch. The stubbed toe. The deduction that Mr. and Mrs. Pullman were dwarfs. The creaking over head. The twinge of curiosity. The bass cough. The collapse of interest. The insomniacs in smoking cubicle broadcasting recent amours. The prelude from the subconscious choir. Adjacent gent leads off with

Schlafjammer's "Lament of the Adenoid." The ensemble-Catarrh Motif.

Round 4.—The refractory shade. The nearby arc lamp with the nervous twitch. The recurrent switch engine suffering from quinsy. The periodic spiteful kicks it gives the unoffending sleeper. The raucous voiced switchmen. The roving car tinker's rendition of silver threads." The arriving stock train. The aroma del toro. The growing taste for ox-tail soup. The belated arrival of the old gent resembling Bunte cough drop illustration. The final parking of the old party and impedimenta. The expiring wheeze of O.P. The arrival of the train. The sensation of being aground on a stern and rockbound coast. The startled air pump and its vibratory complaint, "Boar-r-r-r-d."

Round 5.—The squeal of the dragging brake shoe. The lurch. The roll. The low joints and high centers. The octagonal wheel. The sinister gloom. The feeling of utter futility. The resignation to fate. The recounting of past sins. The vow to reform if spared. The cat nap. The gradual succumbing. Sommons omnia vincit.

Round 6.—The black hand warning. The contortions in reverse order. The dash for the alleged wash room. The melee. The gadder with 80 acre toilet kit. The party with the monogrammed undershirt. The death rattle of the drains. The groping for the towel. 47th St. From the Yards, the languishing perfume of steers that have not used Pear's Soap this morning. The finish of the supposed dressing. The feeling of sticky not-rightness. The electrified Senegambian with the mangy whisk. The begrudged pour boir. The grunt in answer. "Dearborn Station, All out." Mental correction "All In" The descent Gott sei dank.

Love Letters of a Trooper on Leave on the Continent to His Sweetheart.

Deer Katy,—

I wood have wrote you before but I met my old sweetheart what I had over in France when I was in the army. She was just comin out of Dreary Lane Opere House in London.

Now, you dont need to get all jazzed up because I met up with her, because me and her is all washed up now. And besides shes married to a deck hand on a submarine boat. Please dont go and think no evil, Katy. Remember that guy Solomon had a thousand wives but slept with his grandfather,—AND THAT'S ME.

You remember me tellin you that I came over here to attend the International Bootleggers Conference to be held at the Haig and Haig? Well, I'm in Paris now writtin you. Gee its some joint. And the wimmin! Sweet Lady, burn my close! But I aint goin to tell you nothin

RESTORATION OF LENS.

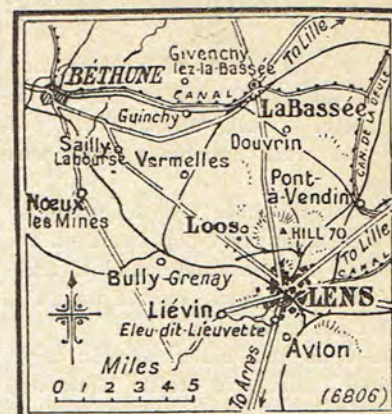
There are parts of the old battle-front where the ravages of war are still almost as apparent as when the fighting stopped. There are others where they have entirely disappeared from sight, and the restoration seems miraculously by complete. The coalfield of the Pas-de-Calais is one of them.

The mining towns of Lens, Liévin, Loos, Noeux-les-Mines, Bully-Grenay, Béthune, La Bassée, names familiar from the war, have all risen from their ruins and become busy centres of life and industry again. One looks down from the edge of the great irregular saucer in which they lie on to a vast spread of new red brick, which in the autumn sunlight appears singularly clean and orderly. The faint haze gives to the wheel-towers of the pitheads, emerging above the rest, the grace and dignity of churches. The vision of the busy plain produces as strong an impression of serenity and prosperity as a well-cultivated landscape. It is hard to believe that here at the end of the war not a wall was left standing.

In this part of the old battle area one realizes the advantage which France has derived from having to rebuild in her devastated regions. All is better, cleaner, more rationally and scientifically planned than before. This is true, above all, of the industrial area. The Government pro-

vided the credits—at the risk of the economic stability of the country, it is true—and the manufacturers, in applying them to reconstruction, made use of the accumulated experience of a century of industrial progress. The recovery of Lens is due in the main to the effort of the Société des Mines de Lens, one of the largest industrial companies in the North of France, which owns 23 pits in the Lens district and employs upwards of 18,000 workpeople.

The company was faced at the end of the war not only with the task of restoring the flooded mines and their wrecked super-structure, but with rebuilding the homes of their workpeople. It was a gigantic work, but it is now almost completed. —From "The Times Weekly, London."



about it just now. Im goin to tell you all about London and keep you all wised up on my doins so you can tell your girl friend with the crockery eye. You know shes been writin to me a'l the time and she told me not to crack to you because she said you wouldn't understand. Winnin is funny that way. But I knew you wouldn't squark and get jealous over a gal with a china glim. She says that her old man took her down to a automobile saloon and bought her a brand new sexless \$x. Comb that out of your whiskers.

Before I left London I did a bit of siht seein with the American Leagon guys and met several fellos that was with us in France. Gee, we sure had a great time gettin plastered and everythin. They took us to a place called Westminster Abbey. A sort of church what was full of monuments and tooms and things. The guide told us that it was built in 1540 in the rain of Henry 8th and the place looked it. He says it used to be a monkery but now they got em all in the zoo. Its the place where Peter was fipped to pay Paul, you remember the poem. The church is only five centuries old, can you trump that? Thats older than your old lady. You never saw such a wonderful place in your life, Katy.

Every square inch of floor space is filled with the shassie of big shots like Sir Isaac Newton, the electrician, Robert, poet and sigar maker, Bill Shakespeare, the book agent, Oliver Cromwell, what did he do? Charles Darwin what d'scovered the monkey, Mary, Queen of Scotch, Queen Eliza beth, Edward the Confessor—I dont know what he confessed, but hes there with all the gang.

Then they took us over to a place called Buckingham Palace where King George hangs out. Hes the Prince of Whales old man. The Prince sure loves to bust out the back door of the Palace and have a good time. You cant blame him, Katy. Hes young and full of Scotch and rarin to go. He hates all this high hat monkey business, hed rather get all painted up natural than doll up in the gold braid and comedy cuts that them butlers lay out for him. If you had one peek at the lashes on his lamps, my photo would look to you like the portrait of friend smelt. The Prince is soitenly a good egg. Every day in front of the Palace they have what they call Changin the Guard. Its a hot sight. They got, a bunch of soldiers all rigged out in red flannel uniforms with enough gold brade on them to make em bow legged. On there heads they got a big hairy hat about two feet high what looks like the half of a Russian bare. And each one of em has a big gat with the baynut all shined up.

Oh, trere swell! They look like elevator starters or them mugs what stand out in front of movie theaters. You know, them mugs what open and



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close tax/crab doors and keep the customers in line while they try to get in to see the jumpin' taintypes. The pump and dainty they display would wrinkle your Adams Apple. Half the guard are Scotchmen. You, know, them guys what wear skirts. Pants



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cost Jack! You should see em. On the skirts they have a thing hanging in front what looks like a whitewash brush, and on their heads they have a gadget that looks an empty banana with ribbon stuck on it. Oh, they grab the brass ring. After there all lined up the bandmaster comes out waving a curtain pole with a ball on the end and they begin playing God Save The King. Then they start marching and goin' threw maneuvers, and a bunch of blank cartridges in kilts pull up on end playing toons on a pair of water wings they have under their arm. They keep blowing and squeezing as though the damned thing hurt em and the music that comes out of the hat-rack what they have tied on the top of the bladder is a sell out. You'd think the hole bunch of em was caught under a piano. I laugh from you. When they go through the motions of playing they seem to suffer somewhat terrible. First they gotta get the gas bag all choked up with air. Then when they got it lookin' like a 42 bust they start wistlin' on a piece of gas pipe that listens like the brakes on one of Mr. Ford's Ben Hers. Listen, Katy, my ear for music may be a bit sour, but if I had one of them flat tire squeezers in my family I'd draw a bead on him with a shotgun, and I don't mean HOW.

Well, I got to close now and will write again soon.

Lovingly yours,

Al.

"A Visit to the Blue Grass Country."

(Major R. Nordheimer)

Every horse lover has heard of 'The Blue Grass Country' and Kentucky in particular, so when the opportunity presented itself to me, to visit this famous horse-breeding center, I lost no time in accepting the invitation. Primarily, I was on a short holiday, recuperating from the strenuous two weeks of the Chicago Riding Club and International Horse Shows, but at the same time, I was commissioned to purchase two young horses of the Hunter type, which when developed into Jumpers, would be fit to compete successfully with the best Hunters in the country.

In company with Mr. Roger Pemberton, one of the best known and most popular judges of Show Horses in the country, who, fortunately for me, was also on a trip to Kentucky to purchase some five gaited horses for a customer, I left this city on the Pennsylvania Florida Special at 11.30 the night of December 6th and arrived in Paris, Ky. at 10.45 Wednesday morning. Paris is some 12 miles from Lexington and between these two lie most of the famous horse-breeding farms. Our first stop was at the farm of Mr. Shropshire, one of Kentucky's best known trainers. Here

we viewed some likely looking colts and one in particular, 'Pontiac Chief' a bay colt sired by 'Rancher,' William Hendrie's good racer. Pemberton was particularly smitten with his prospects and we earmarked him for future reference. Next we visited the local doctor and induced him to part with a prescription which we immediately turned into golden Kentucky Bourbon. Ontario, in her most arid days was never so dry as Kentucky and, outside of local 'White Mule,' the real whiskey is very scarce.

The law demands that prescriptions shall be filled the day they are issued and a close tab is kept on the stubs of physicians. Occasionally one can induce a druggist to part with a bottle or two, but only if one is well known locally, which fortunately was the case with Roger Pemberton, who was born and brought up at Elisabethtown, a short distance from Louisville.

After seeing all there was to see in the way of horses at Paris, we decided to go to Lexington, and fortunately for us, we were offered a drive over by a hospitable young man, named Steele, who had married the daughter of Col. P. T. Chinn, the well known horseman. One must take the trip from Paris to Lexington to really appreciate the wonderful farms. On both sides of the highway, whitewashed fences enclosed paddocks, where brood mares and colts romped. We passed the farms of W.H. and H.P. Whitney, Col. Chinn, Widener, and many others all splendidly laid out and reflecting the pride and untold wealth of their owners. On the Widener Farm, a ¼ mile track enclosed in grass is the show piece and here the colts can breeze daily rain or shine.

We arrived at Lexington about lunch time and had our snack at a very well run hotel, the name of which I have forgotten. We then proceeded to the stable of Mode Nickoll, one of the leading horse dealers the South. Here we saw a number of likely-looking colts all of the Hunter type. Mr. Nickoll informed us that the demand for hunters far exceeded any other type and that he sells them without a particle of training in jumping, being satisfied to let to the other fellow have the worry.

After inspecting the entire establishment, among which were some lovely five-gaited horses, we both agreed on a chestnut 4 year old, about 15 3 bred from Whitney's famous stallion 'Thunderer.' Once again we earmarked for the future and departed to Lexington, where we had dinner, took in a show and went to bed early.

The following morning we were bright and early to find a severe drop in the temperature, which registered 2 above zero. For Kentucky this was unusual and it was amusing to see the coons almost green with cold. My companion, the genial Roger, was quite overcome with the arctic air and had to be literally dragged from

the comfort of the hotel. We visited the race track where we inspected a few colts but saw nothing to compare with the ones we had seen before. We then went out to see the famous Idle Hour Farm of Col. Bradley, situated a few miles from Lexington. Here we were astounded at the magnitude and completeness of the paddocks and stables. We were shown 'Bubbling Over,' winner of the 1926 Derby; 'Boot to Boot,' winner of the American Derby; 'Black Tony,' 'Black Servant' and other famous studs. It certainly was a memorable occasion and one not soon to be forgotten. In the afternoon we motored to Paris and made arrangements for shipping the bay colt and incidentally purchased some famous Kentucky Country hams.

Friday morning we departed by train from Lexington to Louisville and spent the day sight-seeing in spite of the intense cold. We also managed to procure a few interesting and assorted samples of Kentucky Bourbon which we packed away for future sampling in Chicago. We left Louisville at 11.15 Friday night on the Pennsylvania and arrived home Saturday morning at 7.30 spending a most interesting and enjoyable three days in the 'Sunny South.' Both the colts arrived safely the following Tuesday and are now being trained at the Indian Hill Riding Club. What they will accomplish in the jumping way is the lap of the gods, but for conformation they are as perfect specimens as could be found anywhere. I could not help thinking what an opportunity presented itself for anyone with a little financial backing to start a training stable for hunters in Kentucky, because high prices are obtained for thoroughbreds of the hunter type in the raw so naturally a 'made' hunter would be worth far more.

FRENCH SOLDIERS' RED TROUSERS TO GO.

"It appears that whatever sentimental appeal red trousers may have to the older generation modern youth is so completely wanting in respect to tradition as to regard them as ridiculous. Their recruiting value in this up-to-date era is nil."—The Montreal Star.

As a traditional link with the past the full-dress scarlet may not appeal to the youth of this country still we do know that in the permanent force here where the walking out dress is optional the new generation will 'beg, borrow or steal' a suit of 'reds' in which to go on pass.

Lieutenant: "Why didn't you salute me."

Trooper: "I didn't see you, sir."

Lieutenant: "Oh, that's all right; I thought perhaps you were angry with me."

Soldiering.

(Continued)

(By F. W. Powell.)

But for the generous sympathy of the civilian population at this particular time ours was a lamentable condition. These "civies." They speak practically no English. A very, very small percentage of us speak French. This handicaps in no way universal discourse. We oblige them to speak English. This is why the English speaking race is never strong on languages. It is not shyness as much as ridicule which causes us to refrain from journeys into strange tongues. We hate to be laughed at. Really, it is most ridiculous. The Frenchman laughs with us when we joke over his struggles with English. He laughs, and better still, quickly learns the language. On the other hand, should he laugh at our mistakes, we are sunk. Retiring behind an amusing diguity we make no further attempts. If he cannot speak our language he can remain silent. Crazy, isn't it? This state of affairs is very evident in this Province. Practically all the French have a running acquaintance with English. How few English can even make themselves understood in French. This fear of ridicule is responsible. Excuse the digression please. After all are we not the salt of the earth, and is it not meet and right that the other nations should use our noble language?

So we taught the French peasants to speak English. (Such English! My giddy aunt. It is possible we swear as much as we do? Horrible discovery. To listen to a Frenchman speaking English as a parrot would with no idea as to its meaning is to realize that the vocabulary of the average soldier is regrettably limited. "Comé on" seems our commonest expression, while "goddam" prefaced every remark. Other expressions less elegant but quite general are best forgotten.

To get on with it. So well did the instructor chaps do their work that early in February we were permitted to wear spurs and shove the other rein in the bit. I think, however, we were supposed to flatten the rowels. Comes another surprise the next day. We are to carry swords. Heaven be praised. Now indeed are we cavalrymen. Now bring on your Germans. Thanks to the pounding into shape quite a number of the chaps can at least stick on their horse. Some more advanced can even ride with one hand, leaving the other free for waving to their admiring female friends of the village.

Our number was swelled by more reinforcements at about this time. At church parade one morning at Bonn-

vile all were interested in the movements of a new officer, who, being late, slid up into his place amongst the other great ones of the regiment, hoping, we presumed, to escape detection. So reminiscent of a popular pet were his movements that at once the men christened him "Bunny," "Bunny" he remained. This, Capt. Grant, will set your mind at rest as to the origin of your appellation.

Included in the draft were some "Mounties." To the utter disgust of all some retained their rank. This calls forth criticism and is worthy of a special heading.

Esprit de Corps

Before embarking on a subject I must of necessity only skim, I must emphasize that the remarks are impersonal. If I write my impressions of soldiering all phases of the subject must be permitted to appear. Criticism has to be borne in all conditions of life, and when I criticize what is just shrieking for criticism you must, not one of you, take it in the personal sense. Another thing, the publication of my views, distorted as they may be, in no way commits the editor or the regiment. These are my ravings. If they rub some of you up the wrong way, I alone am responsible. As I said before, if at any time my remarks are considered unfit for publication I shall comfort you all by discontinuing "Soldiering." That's that. Now for the dirty work.

Although never actually told, one was made to understand that seniority was the thing in the army that made the wheels go round. If I was made corporal a month before you, you can never hope to be elevated to sergeant grade before me. This seems the law of promotion in the army.

Take it for what it is worth. Possibly this rule does not apply throughout the army. Certainly, was it manifest in the Dragoons most of the time. You know as well as I do that seniority took precedence over merit. This was the law to which we submitted. Why then, in the name of all reason, was it broken to accommodate a favourable few? It could mean only one thing. Discontent and hard feeling. If it were customary for reinforcements to retain in France the rank held in England or Canada, well and good. Such was not the case, however. This was only right. The man in France was deserving of consideration. The lot of the favoured sergeant from England who found himself still a sergeant in France was unenviable. The open fav-

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ouritism was his undoing. The men disliked him and what the other sergeants thought about it all is known only to themselves.

Now, I ask you, if seniority did count for something, why the devil was it not permitted to function? No wonder men grew discontented. My ideas never exactly coincided with those held by the men in authority in our own regiment. As a matter of fact it is a sad pity that the men and the officers had so little in common. During the inevitable periods of discontent and hard feeling all that was needed was a little common understanding to dispel is completely. My experience of life has shown me that if one plays the game with them they will also come up to scratch. Let them consider themselves the victims of injustice and look out for squalls. The crazy part of it is that men will not always give tongue to their complaints. Instead, they brood over these grievances or discuss the matter between themselves and come to the conclusion they are victims of a vicious system, blind to all justice and fairness. In this they are at fault. How can an officer correct what he is ignorant of? The proper, sensible thing would be to approach the officer, talk the matter over and have it adjusted. This was the proper thing to do but was not always practi-

cal. It is to be regretted that co-operation between officer and man was almost non-existent at times. Neither as much as attempted to see thing from the point of view of the other fellow. Each went his way each soundly damned the other and the position remained unimproved. To place the blame on either side is not possible, for each believed itself to be in the right. One cannot really blame the officers themselves but can safely deplore the system that produces such results. To exalt unduly is as senseless as to abase unfairly. Snobishness is, thank goodness, on its last legs, although it hangs on with surprising persistence in places where it should be excluded. During the first few years of the war it was permitted to flourish vigorously in my regiment. Men in the ranks were not of the same texture as the officers who refused to come down to earth. To prate of Esprit de Corps while practising the absolute reverse never deceived the thinking majority of privates. It is a mistake to exalt officers unduly. Puts the wrong ideas in their heads. This applies especially to the ranker officer. Very rarely were the proper ones selected for this metamorphosis. Invariably it was found they could not shoulder the added dignity. Really it was more pathetic than amusing. A

man, in civil life, a clerk or such like, suddenly finds himself an officer in the Drags. With a groom and a batman he is now terribly important. How this impresses him and how final is the cutting of the cord that bound him to the men who had perhaps, side kicked with him a month or so ago. In most cases Fate played a part in the careers of these people and saw that they were quickly removed from an earth that could not sufficiently realize their greatness.

Under the circumstances it was difficult to approach the commissioned men. The distinction was almost too pronounced. A man found it extremely arduous to be natural when in the company of his officer. He resented the implied condescension. The breach widened. Matters calling for deliberation between officer and man were allowed to pass unchallenged. This was a great pity. Mind you, I attach no blame to the officers themselves. At heart they were no different from the men in the ranks. Their training is responsible. That's a branch of their training is all wrong and the schools that refuse to recognize intellect and general principle in those who come under the category of "other ranks" have much to answer for. An officer loses no dignity by entering into conversation with a private. On the contrary it proves his manhood. To suppose the private will presume is incorrect. He will always be the private on parade and the other still his officer. Any that might presume could safely be ditched for they would be impossible in any condition.

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Perhaps I myself am presuming. Perhaps I am saying too much. Probably things are nothing like they were when I was a private in the Drags. If you misinterpret my motives for talking in this fashion, I have simply wasted so much paper. If you understand you cannot then condemn. I think highly of the Royal Canadian Dragoons but one must not blind one's self to the faults of a friend, no matter how great the love. Criticism is not necessarily spiteful. Criticism, when well meant, is more of a kindness than anything else. If we care for anyone we like to remove that which is not altogether pleasing. He, in return, once understanding the motive, thanks the consideration. So, you officers who knew me in France there is no occasion for damning both me and my opinion. If we never saw eye to eye we are both to blame. Neither of us seemed anxious to make the experiment. Your training lifted you above me. Whenever you attempted to get beneath the private and see what sort of fellow Powell really was, I refused to be discovered. Because you were an officer I broadened the breach by never trying to discover what sort of a man you were underneath your commission. That officer and man were as distant as the poles cannot be disputed. We never understood each other and once again I say, "What a great pity." What a pity I never knew some of you as I do now. You remain in the army while I am once again a civilian. Tell me, have things improved in this respect? Does Esprit de Corps really and truly flourish? Is there wholehearted co-operation between officer and men? If not it is up to you to see it does. The morale of the regiment is in the hands of the officers. Much discontent appeared during the war because we never seemed to have the confidence of the officers. Had they stated the true position there would have been an improvement improved. When rations were scanty we blamed the officers.

When sudden moves were made, when we waited for hours in the rain for some tip hat or other to inspect us, it was our officers who came in for all the abuse going. So simple for them to correct this. All they had to do was simply explain things to us. Just why they refrained from this is more than I could ever understand. Really it is so easy to handle men. Play the game with them... treat them as human beings... know their Christian names... forget the position you occupy... be one of them when opportunity permits and they'll follow you through Hell.

There I've done. If my opinions have upset your equanimity you are foolish to let them. Criticism is a necessity of modern life. It is a natural condition. I dissect you and you in return rend me limb from limb. Actually neither of us suffers very much. For a moment our pride shivers under the ice-cold douche,



"A" SQN. R.C.D. SGTS. MESS
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Back Row: Sgt. Brown, Sgt. Merrix, Sgt. Fabb, Far, Sgt. Falconer, Sgt. Hunter.
Sitting: Sgt. Cains, S.S.M. Smith, T.Q.M.S. King, Sgt. Huff, Sgt. Chard, Maj. Nordheimer, M.C.

"PARLEY VOUS?"

(By Richard Carroll)

The Cast of Characters in "Parley Vous?"

BULL CONDON, a private in a Canadian regiment, is a man of great strength and who knows no fear. His closest friend is **PRIVATE SYLVESTER SHORTRIDGE**, undersized but loyal. Bull falls in love with a young French lass whom he believes has been wronged. He swears vengeance and Sylvester plays his own part in the ensuing tragedy.

In a tumbledown barn, a war tattered town, a none too quiet sector of France, the center of a group of comrades—in a mental sweat, Bull Condon, private in one of His Majesty's Canadian regiments, laboriously daubed stolen axle grease on muddy boots amid the jeers of his fellow privates.

"What do you do, Bull, wear a mask?"

Private Sylvester Shortridge was curious. He sidled to where Bull bent in critical survey of his work. With the impudence of his size he taunted the giant.

"Any chance for a real guy, Bull? Don't y'owe it to the lady to let her shake me mit?"

"If I catch you, or any one of youse, playing around her ankles, I'll—"

Bull bent his six and a half foot

but, rapidly adjusting itself, comes refreshed from the shower. It is good to see ourselves as others see us although the vision is nothing like as flattering as we expect. It is a good old world after all in spite of the differences of opinion. Cheerio, all of you. That's that. But I do hope none are narrow-minded enough to take offence where none is intended. (To be continued)

frame as he lumbered through the door, the jeers of his comrades following. Friendly jeers, for Condon was the friendliest man among them. They knew his strength, and did not fear him. Knew the contradictions of him. Condon, the soft hearted brute who could plead forgiveness for his act while iron hands squeezed a windpipe; weep real tears for the death squeal of his victim. They knew him, too, for a man who would join them in a losing fight in a café, and make a bunch of tipsy Imperials think Fritz had dumped a munition factory on them.

He strutted down the road on errand bent. A group of men surrounding an old French woman claimed him. They were gesticulating wildly. Bull strode up, pushing them aside.

"What's the matter?"

"We're trying to make this old dame give us some clean straw. She don't comprey."

Bull waved them back. Acquired French of four years seethed for outlet.

Any Easy Task

"Vous parley Francais, Madame?" The old peasant looked up at him, puzzled. Did she? French?

"Oui, oui, monsieur."

Bull scratched his chin.

"Comprey, madame, comprey—ah—barn—barn door. Straw fer soldat! Soldat cushay."

"Ah! Ah! Ah! Cushay straw. Straw per cushay. Why before you no spik Anglaise?"

Bull curled derisive lips as he turned to his fellows.

"There y'are. Go in git it."

In the billet Private Sylvester dug a bottle of stout from beneath his equipment on the floor, drained it

down a capacious throat. He glanced around the billet, daring criticism. He met none. For all the size of him the men respected him. Bull Condon and Silly were the regimental inseparables. Where one went could be found the other, the long and short of every fistie argument.

Sergeant Blake's voice broke on the billet.

"Get t'hell out of here and fall in. We're moving in five minutes."

Private Shortridge joined his company forming in the road. When numbers were called Private Condon was m'issing.

Sergeant Blake murmured the words of a prayer.

"Get that gorilla here at once. Come on, Silly, snap into it."

Silly departed on the run. At the door of Madam 27's estaminet he hesitated, then slipped around to the kitchen entrance. Through dusty curtains he saw a mass of black hair, nestled against a broad expanse of khaki. He saw Bull's face above it heavily tender. Silly's bright blue eyes popped. He listened.

"You dom dear soldat, mon Bool."

The black head tilted back. Gray eyes looked into the dark of Bull's.

"Sonely au revoir, cherie, 'Sonely au revoir. Me alay now. Me come back for Jeanette. La gare tut sweet fini."

Bull's husky drone had a wail in it.



"Apray la gare maree. For Gawd's sake don't cry, kid."

"No marree Bool. No marree. Allemand fix no marree. Maybe no marree."

"No marree? Allemand fix? What y'mean?"

Bull stared. A light glimmered in the darkness of his brain. He remembered the little boy he had seen

playing around the cafe.

His Promise

"I understand, kid. That doesn't make any difference. I'll get the gink who did it. I'll get 'em all. I'll find the father of yer kid and I'll—"

Again Bull's imagination failed him. The slow voice of him held no threat

He expressed no personal feeling. Bull was a statement of fact simplicity itself. He would kill the German who was the father of Jeanette's child.

Sudden passion rose in the girl's voice.

"I mark heem, Bool. I mark heem. He—whatyucall—he bit me. I bit him. I mark him."

She lifted the hair on the left side of her face and showed him the pink lobe of an ear. Bull stared at her. Jeanette ran to a cupboard. From the top shelf she took a small box. From it she took a small pink object, holding it up to him. He saw with wondering eyes what looked like the lower part of a human ear, the lobe.

Outside, a gaping Silly saw and heard and grunted. Bull's girl had done that! Bull's girl had bitten—Silly stopped thinking. He didn't quite know how to feel about it, to shudder or to laugh.

Jeanette was speaking, her voice calmer.

"From doctaire, pere mon garçon. What you say? Fathaire mon boy, no?"

Not for the world would Bull admit he didn't know what she was talking about. His consternation grew. This, the soft-eyed Jeanette! This, the little village innocent, this tigress! Brute himself, he wanted his women gentle.

Nevertheless he kissed her. They broke away to the sound of a shrill voice in the estaminet.

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"Sonely au revoir, chérie, 'sone
ly au revoir."

The sound of a smacking kiss.

"That's fer all the cognac y' put in
me coffee.

Running steps. The sound of ma-
dam's voice, irate. A crash against
the kitchen door and Silly was kissing
the earthen floor at their feet.

Jeanette slipped back from Bull's
encircling arms as Silly uncoiled him-
self.

"Get on parade, y' nut. The ser-
geant's raisin' Cain. Kiss the k'd
and beat it. Come on, we've got
to leg it." ...

In the street outside the regiment
was marching past, without them.

"Good-by, Jeanette, good-by."

Silly, unnoticed, caught up the little
box lying on the table, pressed the
lid on its gruesome contents and fol-
lowed the bulk of his comrade through
the door.

Three days later a tired regiment
straggled out of the town of Balieul
and moved in column of fours down
the road leading to Armentieres. That
city, made famous by the activities
of its promiscuous mademoiselle, was
their destination. They were never
to reach it.

The old hand; among the men
wondered at the change come over
the familiar region. Once they
could leave the front line and drop
back into Armentieres for a quiet
drink of beer at one of the numerous
estaminets, untouched by shells.

Now, miles behind it, the once
peaceful country had a haggard air.
Worse than destruction, it was in
process of being destroyed. There was
nothing final about it, as a village or
town whose homes have been leveled,
whose identity has been lost under
fire. This sector had ghastly life in
it. It was dying and the pain of its
death struck home to the old-timers.

Sergt. Blake's company waited near
an abandoned estaminet half way to
Armentieres. The men detoured
across a field, single file. The regi-
ment spread out in extended forma-
tion, three feet apart. Night was set-
ting in.

"Dig in."

Trenching tools jabbed quickly
The earth piled in front of the
sweating men.

Twice that morning the enemy at-
tacked. Twice they were repulsed. On
the following night the Canadians fell
back to newer, stronger positions.
Condon missed his friend. He asked
Sergt. Blake. "Didja see Silly, ser-
geant?"

"Naw, They musta got him if he
isn't here."

Condon started back in the direc-
tion of the original firing line, half
a mile away. It was dark save for
a half hearted moon blinking down on
the ashy faces of the upturned dead.

Behind the trench he found Silly.
The slight frame sprawled, face down.
Twisted. The legs doubled under.
The right hand grasped a dead Ger-
man's wrist. The left hand jammed

against the German's mouth. The
head pressed into the ground over the
German's shoulder. Blood soaked
the ground around them. Condon lifted
him clear. Fresh blood, released,
poured from a slit across Silly's tem-
ple. He was dead.

Condon lifted his heavy boot. He
lashed the body on the ground. He
laughed as he felt the ribs drive
in. Impotently fuming. The night
sizzled with his blasphemy. He stoop-
ed to ram his fist in the dead man's
pulpy face, wildly raging, vengeful.
His hand stayed.

Forced between the man's lips, still
bruised by the force of Silly's fist,
was the same pink object Jeanette
had shown him in the kitchen of her
mother's estaminet at Corbe. The
lobe of an ear.

Bull turned the German over with
his foot. The lower part of the man's
ear was missing!

Silly, then, had heard, had witnessed
that scene between himself and
Jeanette. Silly had done this for
him, Bull. The loyalty of it stung
the big fellow. He took the body of
his chum in his arms and strode away,
murmuring as he went, incoherent.

"Ya bloody fool. What y' do it
for? His ear chewed off. They
got y' Damn 'em."

Oaths to startle the dead. The
booming, maddened voice echoing
across the fields to rouse a nervous
enemy. The bloody head of his
chum cradled in the crook of his
arm.

"God didn't make ya big enough,
bast ya. Why didn't y' call for
me? Ya runt, ya half pint. They
killed you. Yer insides too big fer yer
out. Whatjt do it for? They kill-
ed ya."

Bull stumbled along. Kind night to
mangle grief.

The battle of Balieul had dribbled
into history when Bull's regiment
again marched through Canoy valley
on the road that led to Corbe.

Madame 27 slung a bottle of stout
on the wet counter as Condon leaned
over it. She didn't know him. So
many faces had passed before her
they had become a blur of barking
orders.

"How's Jeanette?"

Malame peered at the speaker. Her
face crinkled in smiles.

"Ah, mon Bool, you come back. You
no keel?"

Bull drained a bottle of stout

"Dead men can't do that, chérie."

He wiped his lips on his sleeve.

Madame pointed to the kitchen. Bull
went in.

Jeanette, head bent over the stove,
did not see him enter. He spoke her
name.

"Bool, mon Bool!"

She moved as if to throw herself
in his arms, stopped short, turned
suddenly away.

"What's the matter, chérie? What's
the matter?"

Jeanette sought to push him away.

"Non, non, non. No can touch."

Bull started to explain.

"Y'don't have to worry, kid. Alle-
mand napoon, fini dead. Killed a
friend of mine. Friend finish him,
too."

"Allemand fini? What Allemand
fini? How you know Allemand fini?"

Bull fingered his ear. He drew a
line across it, imitating a cut.

"Ear gone, here, cut off, see? Alle-
mand ear bit off, see?"

"Who bit Allemand ear? What Al-
lemand ear bit? Non Allemand's ear
bit."

Jeanette's voice was as tearful as
her eyes.

"Jeanette no want Bool to know.
Jeanette ugly. Jeanette ear bit. Alle-
mand bit Jeanette's ear. Bit with
knife. Cut her Jeanette bit Alle-
mand. Bit heem with knife, too. Cut
him. In arm."

The girl pushed back her hair, on
the right side this time. The lower
part of her ear, the lobe was missing.
She looked at Bull, fearful of expect-
ed horror.

"Doctaire, mon hoosband, he fix
ear once. Make whayucall wax one
for Jeanette. No can tell. Your
friend, he steal it. Now mon doctaire
gone, fini. Mon garcon mon pere,
non fathe. Dead napoon. No fix
ear. Me no marree. Ugly."

Bull's mouth gaped open. His
jaw sagged. He seemed on the point
of running away. Then shook with
laughter that rolled up from his feet.

The Message

Jeanette frowned, stamped her foot
slapped him in the face, tiptoed to
reach him. Laughed too, weeping.

"Gawd, kid, and me thinkin' y'
chewed the ear of a Heinie and pickled
it. I've killed a lot of Fritz's think-
ing about that. And why didn't ya
tell me you were married, a widow?
How's a fellow to know?"

He swept her in to his arms,
kissing her.

"You dom good soldat, mon Bool,
but you no spik Française."

"You're a sell out yourself, Jinnie.
Me no good comprey your lingo. But
I sure know now what yer lips are
saying."

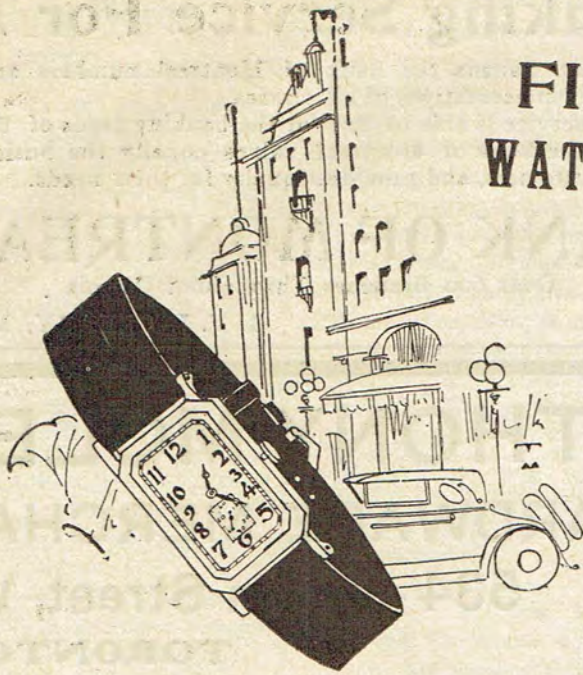
The End.

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Permission.)

Little Earl had reached the ad-
vanced age of 2 and was about to
discard rompers for more manly
knickers. His mother determined to
make the occasion memorable, so
when he came down to breakfast the
first morning wearing the new
knickers, the breakfast table was
loaded with dainties.

"Now, Earl" said his proud mother
"you are a little man."

Earl was in the seventh heaven of
joy. Edging closer to his mother,
he whispered: "Say ma, can I call
pa, 'Bil' now?" -- Fort William Times
Journal.



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The Royals
Egypt,
27 Dec. 27

Dear Major Bowie,

I must write and thank you and your Regiment on behalf of the Officers of The Royals for the very beautiful trophy which arrived the other day from Carringtons.

I need hardly say that it will always be a most highly treasured possession of our Mess, which will always remind us of our affiliation.

Yours very sincerely

(Sd.) W. T. Miles, Lt. Col.
Com'd The Royals

The Officer Commanding,
Royal Canadian Dragoons,
Toronto, Canada.

SHAKESPEARE IN RHYME

Though the tempest be raging, oh,
heed not the weather.
Much ado about nothing makes small
matters great.
Winter's tale is uncertain so let's get
together.
And measure for measure, we'll all
dissipate;
For, just as you like it, I'll be here
to greet you.
What say, the twelfth night and not
count the cost;
All's well that ends well, so here's
that I meet you
But if you should fail me 'tis love's
labor lost.

BOOKS WE WOULD LIKE TO READ

"Worms and The Dog." latest edition, by that widely known author and authority, Pat. Cullinan.

"Criticism of the Critics by a Critic" Three guesses as to the author.

"Woodenhead" a story of a remount trained by I. C. Story.

Squirmy Season

"What makes you so uneasy? Is your conscience troubling you?"

"No, it's my winter underwear."

Overheard in 2nd Troop

Cully's new dog "Patrick" was the subject of discussion the other morning Allingham claimed the dog was a thoroughbred when "Corporal" Bush answered "Thoroughbred be damned, it's an Airedale."

Jack Quin had a new youngster at his house recently and he is very proud of it.

"His name's Pat and he's a fine healthy boy. They say he's the very picture of me."

"Oh, well, what's the harm so long as the child's healthy?"

"I have been married for thirty years and spend every evening at home with my wife."

"Love?"

"No. Gout!"

The following concluding installment of an article which appeared in the Dec. issue. It is taken from Cavalry Journal and is the translation of an article by R. Freiherr von Folkenstein in the "Malit'a-Voochenblatt" of 11th February 1927.

"The Two Sides of the Wood."

(Concluded)

It was very evident that the enemy, from whom the advance of the 243rd Division had not been concealed, had intended to move up into the unprotected, open flank. It was to him of the very first importance to protect this flank from any further attack, seeing how weakly it was guarded, and in view also of the gap between the British and French armies into which, on Good Friday, the 23rd Division had so successfully forced its way.

There can be no doubt that a successful break-through by the enemy cavalry would have caused the greatest confusion, particularly as regards the artillery positions and the arrangements for attack, since the Lutwitz Group was engaged on two fronts—one facing north-west towards Thennes, the other to the west towards Moreuil-Pierrepont; while any decisive advantage taken of such a cavalry break-through could only have been successful by countered by the forcing back of the overpowering strong bodies of enemy infantry.

This attack by the Canadian Dragoon has been immortalized in a painting which was shown in the exhibition of Canadian war relics in London, while a British account of the action has been given under the title of "How Lieutenant Flow-

erdew of Lord Strathcona's Horse won the Victoria Cross," and which runs as follows:—

"The decoration of the Victoria Cross was conferred upon Lieutenant Flowerdew of Lord Strathcona's Horse for special bravery at Moreuil on the 30th of March, 1918, when commander of a squadron charged with a particularly important mission. On arrival at the first objective Lieutenant Flowerdew perceived two lines of German infantry, each about sixty strong, and at an interval of 200 yards, and having machine guns posted in the centre and on the flanks. Realizing the difficulty of the situation and how much depended upon the success of the action, he ordered one troop to dismount and make a demonstration to a flank, while he attacked mounted with the remainder of his command. The Squadron—less the dismounted portion—broke through both lines, sabred many of the enemy, and then, going about, rode back again through the hostile position. Although the losses of the squadron amounted to 70 per cent, occasioned by rifle and machine gun fire from front and flanks, the enemy was not only brought to a stand, but was even driven back.

After a hand-to-hand fight the survivors regained their former position where they joined a troop under Lieutenant Harvey."

There are certain discrepancies between this account and that from the German side, chiefly in regard to the strengths given; the actual war-strength of the enemy squadron may perhaps be increased, or

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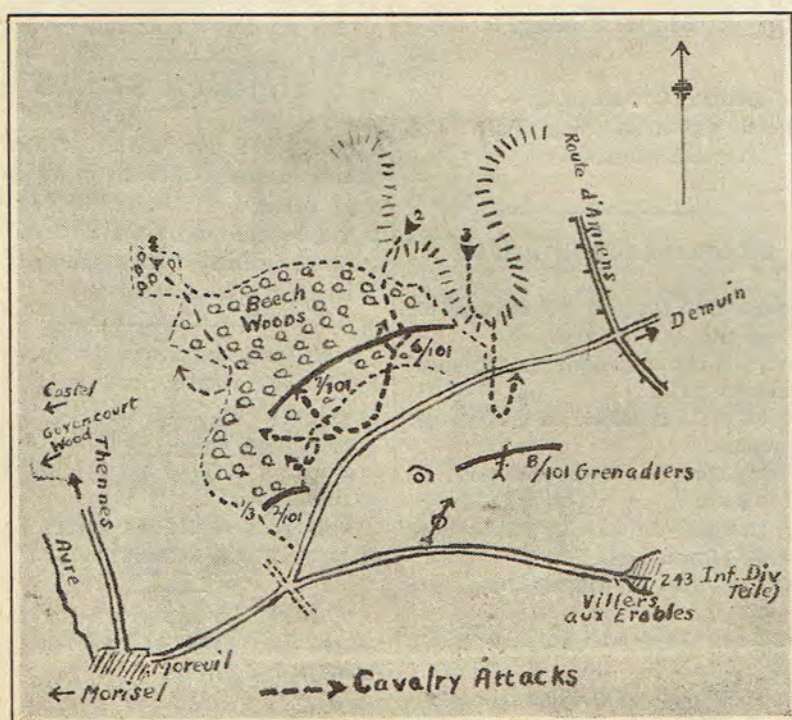
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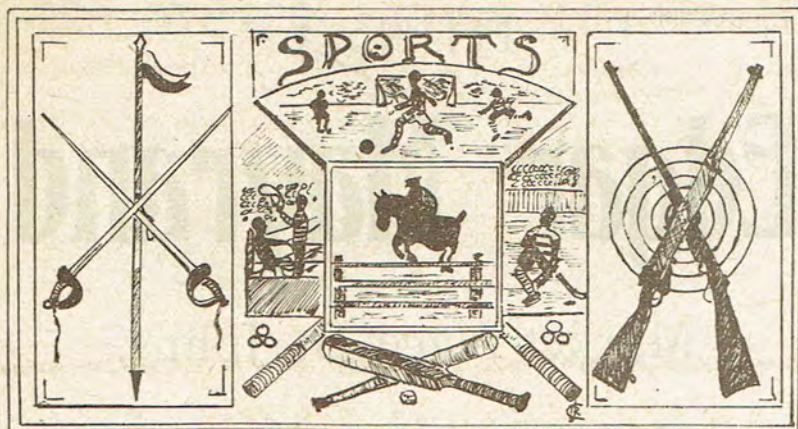
possibly the horsemen repulsed by No 7 Company were again employed elsewhere.

The initial success of the cavalry attack may be taken as being due mainly to the fact that the German infantry of 1918 did not know how properly to handle their real weapon, the rifle. The bomb, was the main thing at that date in the field training of the infantryman. Owing to the short time available for training, the reservist was only partially instructed in musketry. For this reason only was it possible for the Canadians to advance so successfully in spite of being to some extent checked by the wooded nature of the country passed over. Considering the amount of ammunition expended by the infantry the mere fact of the successful cavalry advance was for them virtually a defeat. Secondly, the element of surprise greatly assisted the enemy attack, while thirdly, the foot-soldier was at a serious disadvantage when it came to a hand-to-hand fight since the greater part of the infantry had no experience whatever of bayonet fighting. In the excitement of the action some

men actually forgot to fix bayonets at all, with the result that the infantryman had only his rifle with which to defend himself, and consequently, had no other means except fire of engaging the mounted man. For firing however, it was found that at so very short a range, and when men were almost corps à corps, the length of the modern rifle was a hindrance to its effective use, while there was also the risk of hitting one's own comrades. Those armed with pistols came off best in the fighting and these, moreover, had not the same loading difficulties as the riflemen.*

Apart from the great moral importance of rifle-fighting as an aid to military training, possibly even in the War of Material of the Future occasion may arise when, in the fight of man against man, this particular form of training may not be without its effect on the final issue. May the once-dreaded German bayonet-fight not be wholly overlooked in the frenzy of the Material-schlacht!

*This statement seems to need some explanation. — Translator



OTTAWA HORSESHOW RESULTS 1927

Touch and Out—1st Major Timmis (Bucephalus)

Officer's Open—1st O'Connor (Limerick.) 2nd Major Timmis (Bucephalus)

These tied for 1st with clean performance.

Challenge Cup—Teams of three (military)

1st Major Timmis (Bucephalus) Capt. Bate, (Golden Gleam) and Capt. Hammond (S. Murphy.)

Triple Bars—4th Major Timmis, (Bucephalus)

Pen Jump—1st Capt. Hammond (Sgt. Murphy)

Jumpin Stakes—1st Major Timmis (Bucephalus,) 2nd Capt. Bate, (Golden Gleam.)

(Stanley Barracks)

The weather man has been very much against us in regards to our hockey this year. Fortunately we have had the benefit of one hour a week practice at the Varsity arena, but on our own open air rink we have had only two days skating and at the present time there is not a scrap of ice on the rink nor a flake of snow on the ground. Our first league game against Wychwoods, in the indoor intermediate section of the Toronto Hockey League, which was scheduled to take place on Monday January 9th at the Ravina rink had to be cancelled owing to lack of ice.

The following Committees were appointed at a sports meeting held on Jan. 5th,

Boxing

President—Lieut. W. E. Gillespie, R.C.D.

Members:—Sergt. A. Buell, R.C.D. (1st Troop.)

Tpr. J. Thomas, R.C.D. (2nd Troop)
Boy E. Anthony, R.C.D. (2nd Troop)
Tpr. C. H. Barker, (3rd Troop)

Billiards

President—Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D.
Members:—Corpl. R. Blake, R.C.D.
Tpr. J. O. Lamb, R.C.D.

Tpr. T. Duff, R.C.D.
Tpr. F. Rutherford, R.C.D.
Billiard Tournament to be started as soon as possible.

Hockey

President—Capt. M. Drury, R.C.D.
1st Troop—Cpl. A. E. Galloway, R.C.D.

2nd Troop—L/Cpl. W. Hood, R. C.D.
3rd Troop—Tpr. C. H. Barker, R.C.D.

A Squadron (Inter-Troop) League to be formed.

All members of the troop to be eligible for Inter-troop Hockey.

"Home and Home" games to be played. Playing periods to be of 15 minute duration. In case of a draw at end of full time overtime will be played, two periods of 5 minutes each.

All officials to be neutral, preferably R.C.R. personnel.

It was suggested that games be played on Monday and Thursday afternoon from 3 to 4 p.m.

The team having largest number of points on completion of schedule to be declared winner. Points will be given as follows:—2 for a win and 1 for a draw.

The winner to play off with winner of R.C.R. "Platoon" League in connection with "City of Toronto" Cup.

A game will be played (Unit Team) against R.C.R. (Unit team) at end of season for the "Stanley Barracks" Hockey Cup.

TORONTO GARRISON SERGEANT'S ASSOCIATION CRIBBAGE LEAGUE

Standing as at 5-1-28.

Team	P	W	L	D	P
Toronto Regiment	8	4	2	2	10
Q.O.R. of Canada	8	4	3	1	9
Stanley Barracks	8	4	3	1	9
Headquarters M. D. 2	8	4	3	1	9
Royal Grenadiers	7	3	3	1	7
Toronto Scottish	7	3	4	0	6
48th Highlanders	7	2	4	1	5
Queen's Rangers	7	1	3	3	5

O. J. Bewley, S.S.M. (W.O.I.)
Secretary.

(ST. JOHNS)

Owing to the unsettled weather conditions it has been impossible to follow a regular hockey schedule, so the committee has decided that the Garrison Hockey League games will be played whenever the condition



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of the ice warrants a game being played.

So far two games have been played, one between the 3rd Troop and the R.C.R. the score being 3-2 favor the former. The game was keenly contested throughout the whole game and we expect to see some lively battles between these two teams in the future.

The result of the game between First and Second Troops was doubtful right to the end. With only a few minutes to go, Woolcock let an easy one slide past him resulting in a win for First Troop. Score 4-3.

Professor (to his bride): "Darling, I am putting a notice of our marriage in the next issue of 'Antiquarian Discoveries.'"—The Passing Show.

Garage assistant—"Hey, five shillings deposit on that car, sir!"

Customer (hiring car for the day)—"What for?"

Garage assistant—"Well we've lost things like that before."

Big Bill Thompson is giving London all the thrills of a hot air raid.—St. Louis Star

Wanted—By a refined middle aged lady, a position as housekeeper in a respectable widower's home, or will take care of confinement cases.

IF YOU MUST BOAST

Boasting's a thing most men despise,
But if you have that bent,
Better to boast about your rise
Than brag of your descent

Position Wanted, Gentleman, age 35. Former captain of cavalry, regular army, with thorough knowledge of equitation, fox hunting, chicken fighting, bird shooting and dry fly fishing, but nevertheless willing to work. What have you? State details, including salary in first communication.

Harper St., 59—Nicely furnished living room; use of kitchen and bed, with one girl; complete housekeeping privileges, everything furnished.

Wanted—Middle aged lady to do housework, milk and care for sick lady in country.

Gardener (English,) inside and out.

Young lady wanted with car to teach driving in private home; give phone number.

A woman is always suspicious of another woman who dresses better than herself.

Head-line on Paris dispatch in U.S. Paper—"Man Confesses To Nice Murder."

Captain N. M. Halkett, M.C., R.C.A.
M.C. a passenger on an eventful
aeroplane flight.

Captain N. H. Halkett who for several years was Station Medical Officer at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., and who is now stationed at Camp Borden, Ont. where he is Medical Officer to the Royal Canadian Air Force, and incidentally has taken a keen interest in the flying activities, was a passenger on a most eventful aeroplane flight from Long Island, New York to Camp Borden. The following extracts from press despatches describe the flight.

"Making a perfect landing after six, in a totally dark field at Leaside, Captain Dave Harding, Camp Borden aviator brought to successful conclusion a most difficult flight from Long Island, New York. He carried two passengers.

Terrific winds had kept Harding over three hours overdue, in his flight in the new five-passenger Fairchild monoplane that the Canadian government has purchased, and those awaiting him at the field, certain that some mishap had overtaken him, had gone home.

Landing like that was an outstanding performance, for even the moon was behind the clouds when Harding approached the field.

This was the first landing made

at the new Toronto Flying Club's field beside the Canada Wire and Cable factory, and the lights the factory helped materially in showing the pilot his bearings. Flight-Sergeant Tom Livingston and Dr. Halkett, of Camp Borden were the other two of the adventurous trio.

"Most difficult flight I ever saw," Livingston told The Star.

"The wind blew so strong that bucking it burned up all our gas, and we made a forced landing at Niagara-on the Lake. We left the Curtis field at Mineola, Long Island, at 10.10 a.m. It wasn't bad till we got to Albany. Then we turned west, facing a real wind, and we bucked it all the way to Utica, then made for the shore of Lake Ontario. We had to run around a sleet storm, and another time a snow storm bothered us a bit.

When we were going west, with the speed registering 120 miles an hour, we could look down and see automobiles, passing us on the road below. That's how fast that wind was blowing."

The plane and its crew arrived safely at Camp Borden the following morning.

"Where is Bill?"

"A.W.O.L."

"Whaddayah meanc"

"After women or liquor."

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She was 20, pretty as paint, and she married a millionaire of 82.

And then the little fool forgot all about getting him to make a will in her favour.

Unsuccessful Author (in the Stone Age): "Well, fortunately, my work is not entirely useless. I can build myself a house with my returned manuscripts."

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